

4-1-2008

Archarios, 2008 Spring

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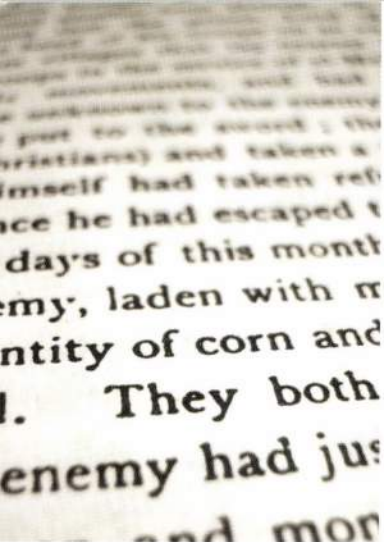
ARCHARIOS

SPRING
2008

writers & artists

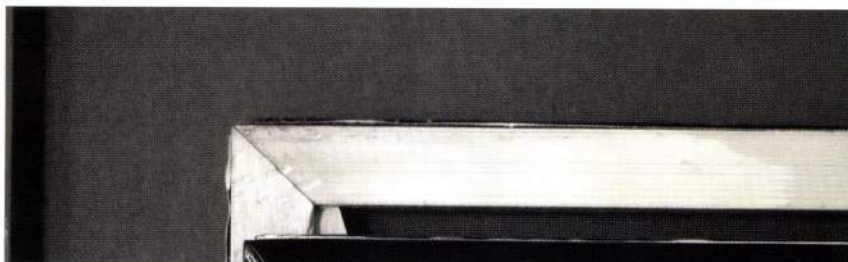
{literary art magazine}





spring 2008 issue

From the etchings on cave walls to the graffiti on the Berlin Wall, from the scrolls at Lindisfarne monastery to self-published e-books, art and literature have pervaded every aspect of our lives since the beginning of time. It is with respect for the long and rich history of the arts, as well as a deep reverence for the artistic process, that we present to the public the 2008 issue of Archaios Literary Art Magazine. We are happy to have received a wonderful selection of submissions this year, and happier still to be able to release an edition of this award-winning magazine that features a great representation of the talent at Coastal Carolina University. 🎨



archaios literary art magazine is published by coastal carolina university student media
spring 2008 issue no. 23

To all those who create and shape the visual space around them, whether it be with word or image, the mark of their creativity is in the world.



reach for the seat belt, my fingers never grasp it and I know it is not there because wearing seatbelts is n the car and my ears no longer work. I look at you and your lips are moving but no sound comes out. You tend I heard everything you said. You smile back and grab the gear shift and we are gone. I stare past the tiny wet bubbles that ambush the window and distort everything on the outside world. notice and lay your hand on my knee. Of course you don't so I take it personal and again look out the w and I say "yeah cool." But it isn't. I hate cigarettes and the way they make you smell. Especially when yo It takes you a second to turn the volume dial back up to 11 and another second to pull into the BP. You want and you laugh together and then look out at me and wink. I see your mouth form the words "tha I put my best Southern belle smile on so you will think I am having a great time with you so far. When we are back on the road you pack your cigs then ask me to open them and light you one up. So I refrain and hold back a cough and hand the cigarette back to you. My eyes are watering from the smoke about how my contacts are bothering me. You know I don't wear contacts.

So we are driving to a little bar and the whole time I am worried that I won't be able to get in seeing as park and go in and of course you know someone and that someone gives us a pitcher of beer and we sa I bend over to make a shot and your stick magically hits my backside so I turn around with the same fl cute about not being able to handle balls.

I arrive at your car. The walk consisted of a series of nervous fidgets and sidly eye glances that keep me reach for the seat belt, my fingers never grasp it and I know it is not there because wearing seatbelts is n the car and my ears no longer work. I look at you and your lips are moving but no sound comes out. You tend I heard everything you said. You smile back and grab the gear shift and we are gone.

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“The essence of all beautiful art, all great art, is gratitude.”

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



[table of contents]



{Art}

06

In Response to the
DAVE WEBER

M&M's have been bad
in America's schools
and health, control to the extent

{Literature}

28



{Paul Rice Poetry Broadside} 44



{Best of Show}

48



{Credits}

50



“The true work of art is
but a shadow of the
divine perfection.”

MICHELANGELO

art



{ Thoughts }

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN in Greece on the island of Santorini. The contrast of the bright blue against the dull weathering of the concrete and the cracks in the door is what drew me in. The placement of the rocks and the subtle growth of weeds also made this scene very picturesque.

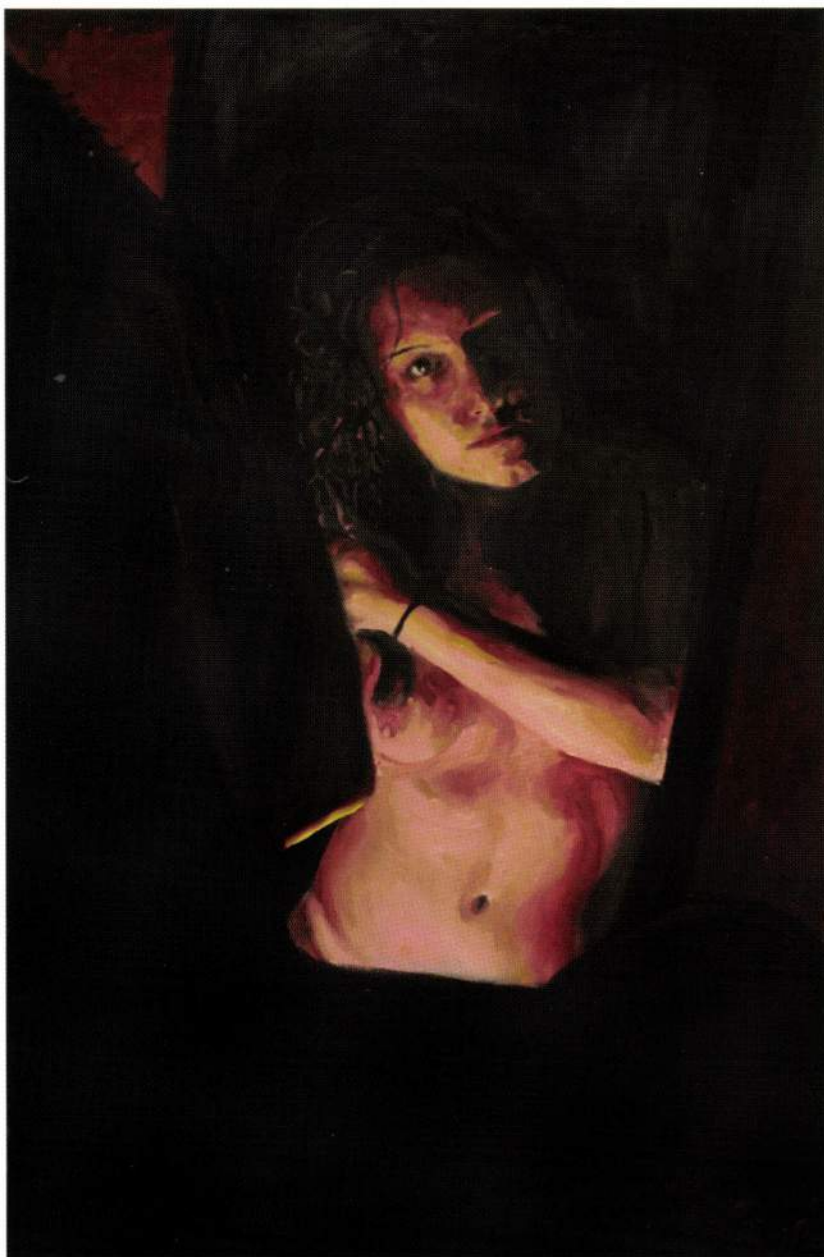
Entry No. 10

Blue

Kelly Jenack - Senior

Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 5 in. x 7 in.





REFLECTION



{ Thoughts }

LAST SUMMER I DID A SERIES OF PAINTINGS using only a candle as a light source. I have always really admired the paintings of Georges de La Tour and the mood that he created with candles as the only source of light. I decided to take a contemporary and personal approach to the influence. The sharp contrast and limited color range made for an interesting series. I think that with these paintings there is as much or more to be inferred from what is not reached by light than what is.

Entry No. 29

Reflection

Rob Byrd - Senior

Medium: Oil on Canvas
Dimensions: 28 in. x 48 in.





{ Thoughts }

A CLOSE FRIEND was married last summer in this youth chapel of our childhood where the both of us spent so many hours being taught, discussing life, and simply growing up. These were the aisle decorations, waiting to be hung the night before the wedding.

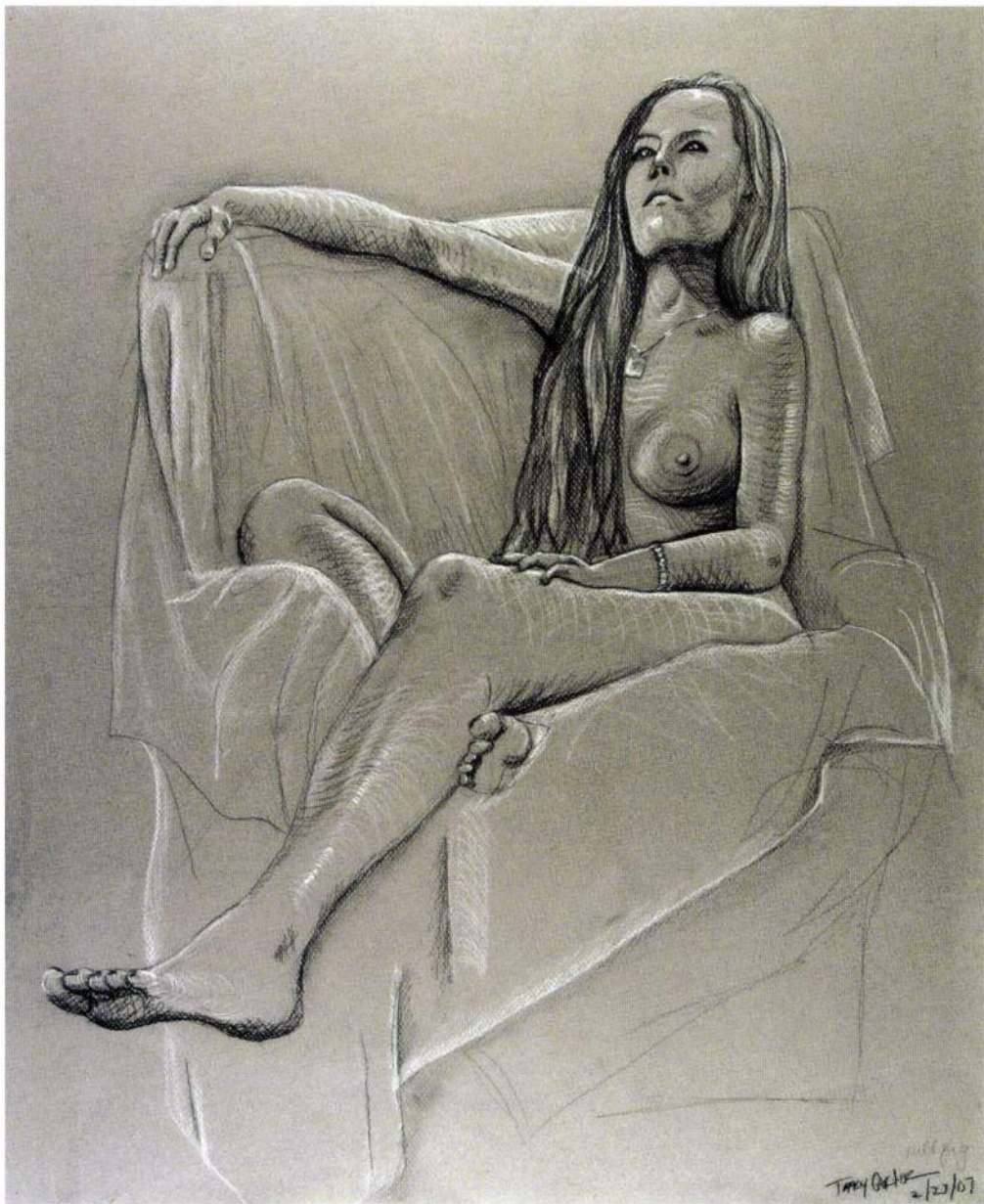
Entry No. 11

Wedding Flowers

Cari Zourdos - Sophomore

Medium: Digital Photography
Dimensions: 5 in. x 7 in.





{ Thoughts }

LIFE DRAWING IS one of my favorite subjects. In this picture, I wanted to capture all of the shades of light and dark, and Rose's expression. The line usage really captured her shape. I'm really proud of this piece of work.

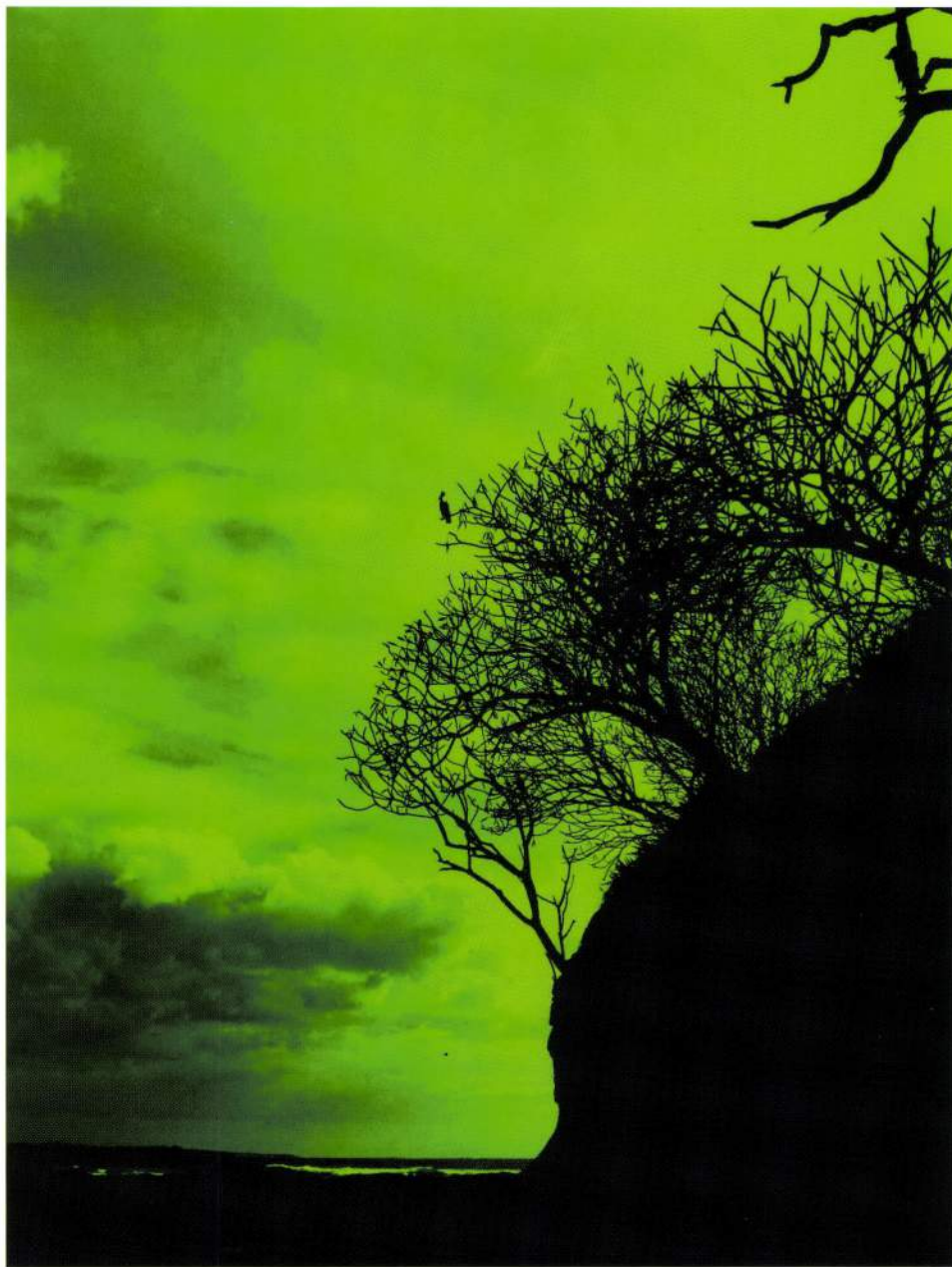
Entry No. 76

Female Stare

Tracy Carter - Junior

Medium: Charcoal on Mi-Tienes Paper
Dimensions: 18 in. x 24 in.





{ Thoughts }

THIS SHOT WAS TAKEN in the winter of '06 in Playa Grande, Costa Rica. It was midafternoon and I was taking a few shots while the tide was low. I really liked the way the pelican was sitting on the branch with the back drop of the clouds rolling in. It made for an interesting shot. It was taken with a digital camera and the hue/saturation were changed in Photoshop. Overall, I'm really happy with the way it turned out.

Entry No. 55

Green Time

Chris Gordon - Senior

Medium: Digital Photography

Dimensions: 11 in. x 17 in.





{ Thoughts }

THIS IS THE SECOND PIECE OF A SERIES that I started on surfing and the culture that surrounds it. I never finished the series in the way that I wanted, but I hope to attempt it again in the near future.

Entry No. 62

G City Pier

Brandon Wright - Senior

Medium: Acrylic on Masonite Board
Dimensions: 12 in. x 24 in.





{ Thoughts }

DURING MY STAY IN PARIS, I captured a unique angle of the Eiffel Tower that not only demonstrates the magnificence of the structure, but also the architectural mastery. Taken on 35mm film, this photograph presents an ideal rhythm against a balanced contrast that is pleasing to the eye of any artist.

Entry No. 45

Parisian Majesty

Stephanie Hutto - Senior

Medium: Black & White Photography

Dimensions: 8 in. x 10 in.





UNTITLED



{ Thoughts }

THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS SYMBOLIC of what once was. It is a reflection into the past of those who may have been on that train and where it took them. It is almost as if the world has been put on pause to compare their journeys through life with that of those who lived and breathed before them.

Entry No. 86

Untitled

Jessica King - Senior

Medium: Black & White Photography
Dimensions: 8 in. x 10 in.





{ Thoughts }

I BASED THIS PAINTING on a series of three black and white photographs I took. There are two other painted panels showing the rest of the panoramic view of "Photo Break I." It depicts my friends Jennifer and Lauren laying down outside in the warm sun. They are taking a generous break from working in the darkroom.

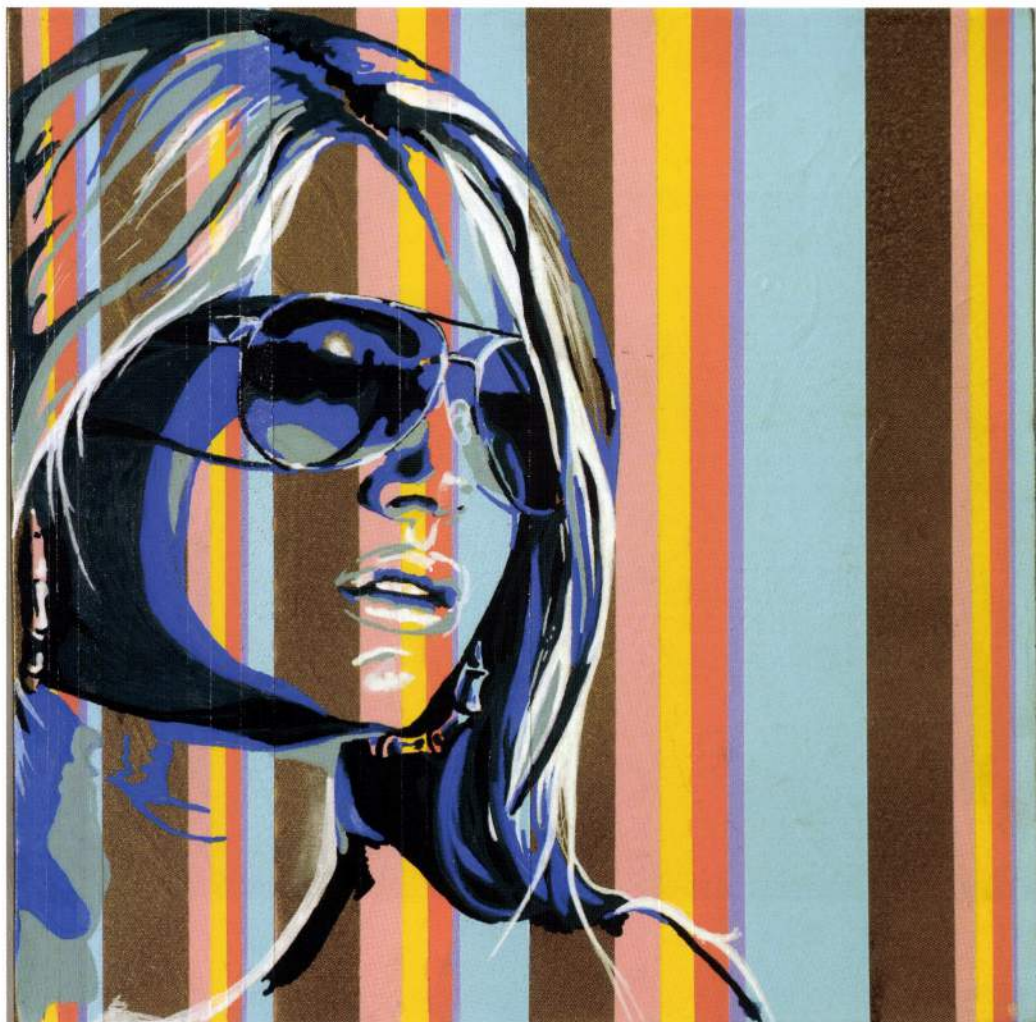
Entry No. 13

Photo Break 1

Meghan Norman - Senior

Medium: Black & White Oil on Canvas
Dimensions: 18 in. x 24 in.





UNTITLED



{ Thoughts }

I AM IN LOVE WITH COLOR! I strive to create interesting color relationships that can pop out and bite you! I began this painting with a series of abstract portraits in mind, using only color to emphasize the subjects. For this particular painting, I chose colors to create a super-retro vibe.

Entry No. 08

Untitled

Caly Skelley - Senior

Medium: Oil on Canvas
Dimensions: 12 in. x 12 in.





{ Thoughts }

MY PAINTING WAS COMPLETED as part of the first college level painting assignment that required it to be painted with a palate knife during one 3-hour studio session. More recently, I wanted to include the painting because the subject matter stood out to me as a simple representation of "The Fall of Man" as discussed in the Biblical sense.

Entry No. 39

The Apple

Jean Ann Butler - Junior

Medium: Oil on Canvas Board
Dimensions: 8 in. x 10 in.





THE CAVITY



{ Thoughts }

"THE CAVITY" EMPHASIZES the form and modeling of the hand. The cavity of the arm remains a dark mysterious hole and the reflection of the human eye in the glass ball suggests there is more inside than meets the eye!

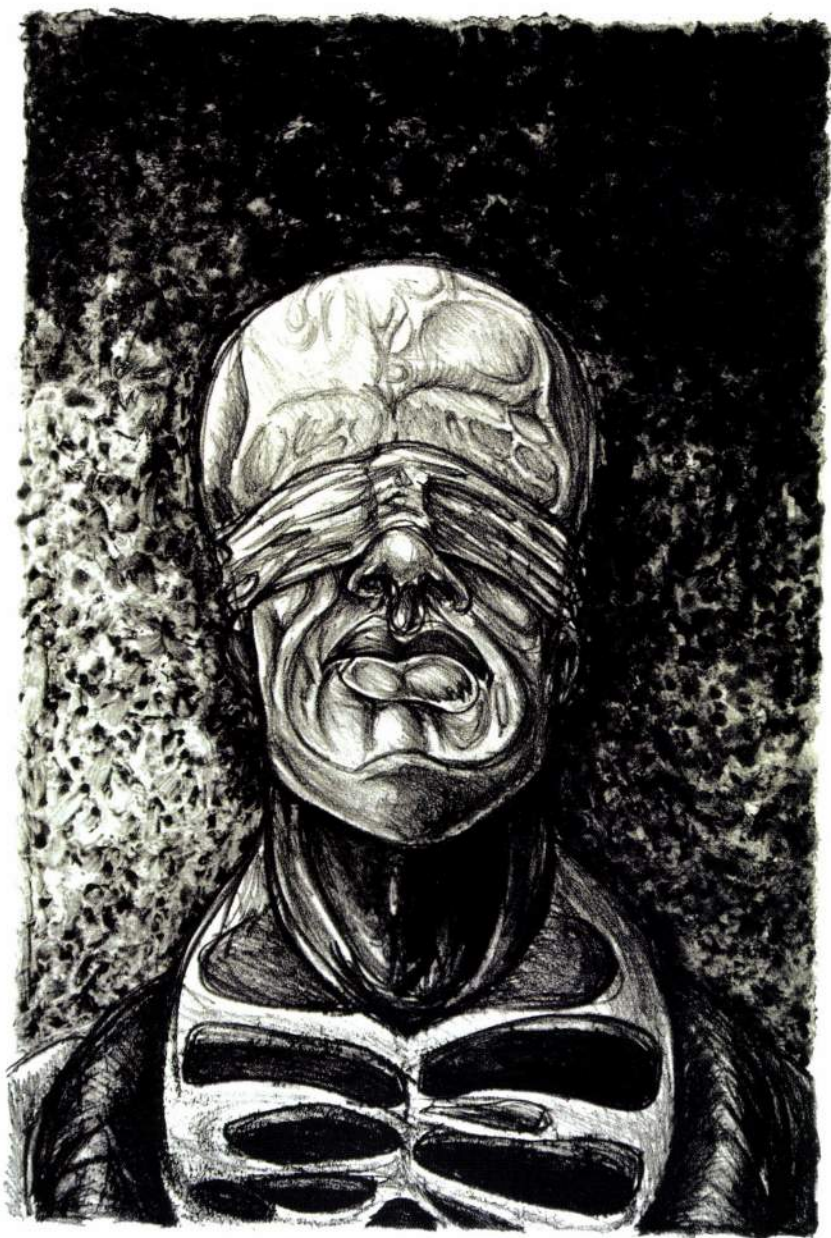
Entry No. 28

The Cavity

Jolene Castro - Senior

Medium: Mixed Medium
Dimensions: 32 in. x 40 in.





{ Thoughts }

THIS PIECE IS ONE OF SIX ORIGINAL PRINTS I did for my lithography class in the fall of 2007. The idea came from basically not knowing what to draw that day. Hence the title "The Unknown," which is echoed by the blindfold on the figure's face and the distorted background that puts the figure in unfamiliar surroundings.

Entry No. 35

The Unknown

Yaw Odame - Senior

Medium: Lithography Print
Dimensions: 17 in. x 21 in.





{ Thoughts }

THIS PIECE REPRESENTS the creativity that pours out from an artist's fingers all the way down to his/her toes. When creating this piece, I focused on expressing the emotion and exhaustion of an artist. There is nothing comparable to a nice stretch after a long day's work.

Entry No. 23

Creative Feet

Stephanie Piette - Senior

Medium: Black & White Charcoal

Dimensions: 19 in. x 24 in.





{ Thoughts }

THIS PAINTING IS OF AN OLD MAN who was a favorite model of my friend and artist Frank Wright. Frank told me many stories about how the man would roam around the country rolled away in railroad cars. Frank had a great deal of respect for the man whom he stated was "a vagrant, not a derelict."

Entry No. 15

The Vagrant

Rob Byrd - Senior

Medium: Oil on Canvas

Dimensions: 22.75 in. x 31.25 in.





LILY PADS



{ Thoughts }

THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS PROOF that art and the inspiration to create art can be found in the most unusual and unlikely places. The piece was taken at a local miniature golf course while I was working on a class assignment. Living at the beach and being blessed with the freedom to travel, I have been exposed to stunning scenes that range from exotic locations to my own backyard. My photographs are a documentation of my experiences and interests throughout life.

Entry No. 25

Lily Pads

Andrea Hendrix - Senior

Medium: Black & White Photography
Dimensions: 8 in. x 10 in.





{ Thoughts }

I HAVE FOUND MYSELF STRUGGLING constantly with ideas regarding religion and spirituality, and I'm a firm believer that it is something I have been destined to struggle with. As I was creating this piece, I realized that it is not exactly God that makes the struggle so heart wrenching, but the interpretation and influence of others regarding moral values and the role of the Bible.

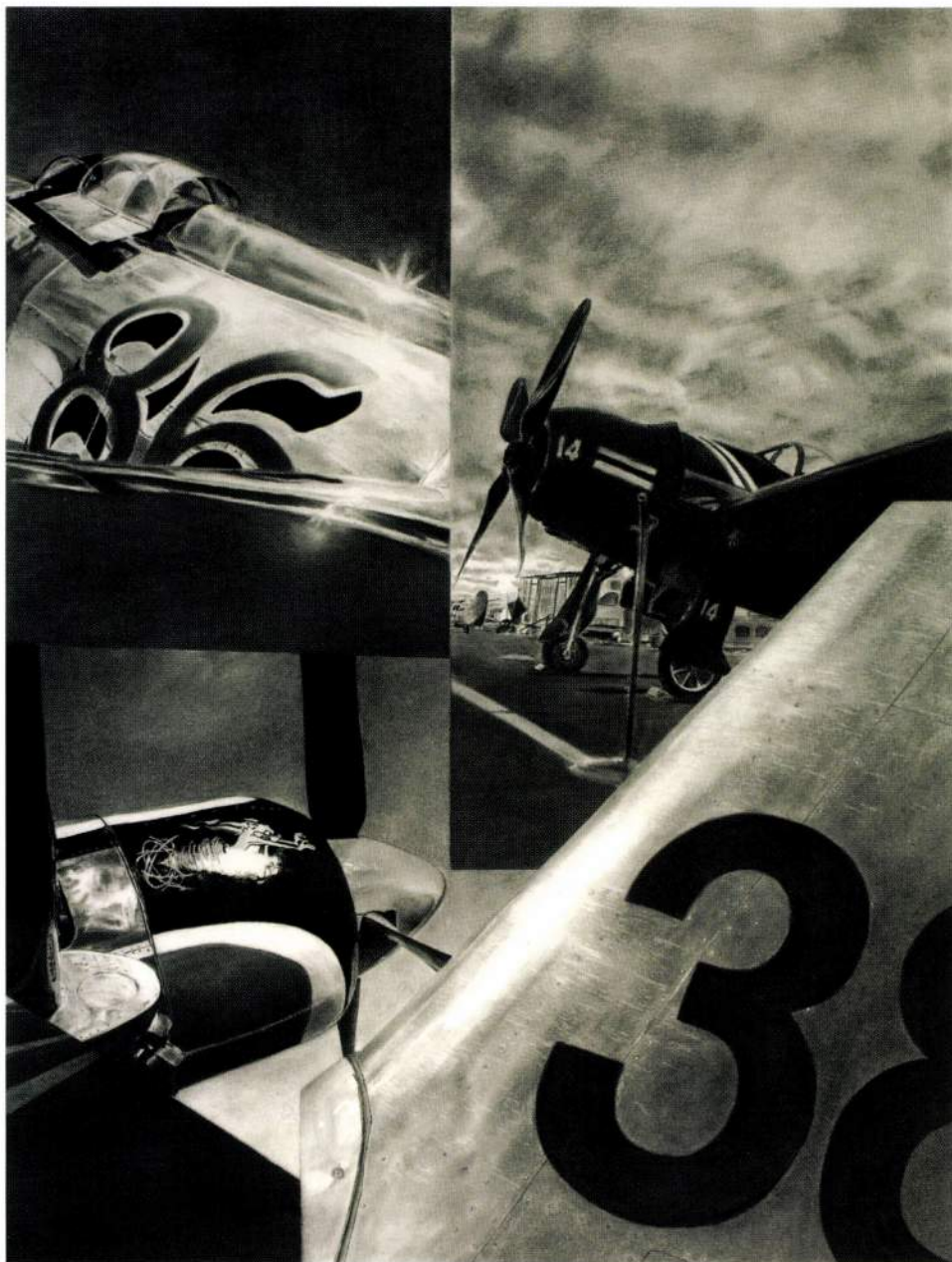
Entry No. 30

For A Merciful God

Darcy Barr - Freshman

Medium: Mixed Medium
Dimensions: 2.5 ft. x 5 ft.





{ Thoughts }

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A LOVE FOR AVIATION, and have even been fortunate enough to fly a private plane over the Southern California desert. This piece is a tribute to the history of flight, especially to general aviation. In the technique, I focused on creating contrast between light and dark, along with a strong attention to detail, thereby making the work photo-realistic.

Entry No. 09

Aviation Memories

Jeremy Alford - Senior

Medium: Charcoal on Vellum Bristol
Dimensions: 18 in. x 24 in.





{ Thoughts }

THE MAIN IDEA IN THIS WORK is the sense of freedom that an individual's creative expression can give. To secure a creative outlet is, to me, one of the most important things worth doing in one's life... next to eating and breathing, of course. Do what makes you nothing short of being simply content with yourself.

Entry No. 11

The Epiphany of Self Worth

Alisha Rice - Freshman

Medium: Oil on Canvas
Dimensions: 16 in. x 20 in.





{ Thoughts }

WHEN I LOOK AT MY PAINTING I can remember exactly how I felt during the time in my life when I created it. My hope is that others might look at it and have the same kind of emotional connection in relation to their own personal experiences and lives. I believe it's these kind of personal connections with art that can make people fall in love with it, and that's something I strive to achieve in my artwork.

Entry No. 07

Stealing From The Thief

Sonja Shank - Freshman

Medium: Acrylic on Canvas

Dimensions: 12 in. x 26 in.



“ Literature adds to reality, it does not simply describe it. It enriches the necessary competencies that daily life requires and provides; and in this respect, it irrigates the deserts that our lives have already become. ”

C.S. LEWIS

literature



{ Thoughts }

I WROTE THIS STORY TO show the internal struggles of men and between men. I tried to make sense of the super-hetero-macho-man fighting in a pointless war between other men and fighting a war against himself. I believe men kill each other in glory but kill themselves in shame.

.....

{ archaios
writers
2008 }

A Picture Of A Man

BRANDON MCCOY

That part of me does not exist. It is the part of me that is expected to radiate a beautiful Aurora Borealis of rugged masculinity. There is the picture perfect man that is displayed for every society to see. That man in the picture could be your father, your grandfather, or any other man that is acceptable to love. This man rules every other man with a strict but silent doctrine that abuses and torments me. I hate the man in the picture. I will never be this man. The poisonous feelings of jealousy and an inferiority complex give birth to an acrimonious drive to be this man.

I lost my father because of this picture perfect man. He wanted to sound a resonance in his testosterone-toned voice and exude the gleaming persona of indifference and strength. He did so by joining the military. He lost his life in Iraq, courtesy to an angry suicide bomber being a slave to his own picture perfect man.

My mother mourned herself to death shortly after. She cradled her depression as though it were a baby. She nursed it and loved the solitude it brought. That baby finally grew and in turn cradled her to sleep, where she never opened her piercing green eyes again. I'm nineteen now and have so little to represent myself with. I am parentless, jobless, and loveless. I am living in my parent's home where the tang of Mom's delicate floral aroma and Dad's bitter spicy redolence meshed to birth the unique smell of this house. It smells like time. It smells like the fleeting substance of eternity that is unlimited but in the right moments, very scarce.

I make my way to their bedroom, which I have left undisturbed. I can't even fathom unsettling the intricate details that have fallen to place the moment I lost both of my parents. I reach with a precision of familiarity where my father kept his gun. I hold it in my hand and remember the last time I held this gun. My hands were much smaller and feminine. Now, they look like my father's.

I make my way to his picture on the wall, which hangs right beside my grandfather's. Both are wearing their handsome uniforms with crimson metals to represent the blood they have shed. I listen as the phone rings and I wait for the answering machine.

"Hey, you. I know I haven't talked to you since the night you stayed over. I wanted to tell you in person, but you aren't the easiest person to find. I really don't want to tell you over the answering machine, but I'm sure you are standing there listening. I'm sure you have your uniform on about to leave for Iraq. I'm really proud of you and I know that you must be afraid. Just know that I love you very much. But I just need to tell you that I'm preg—beeeep."

Tears roll down my face and soak the top of my uniform. I stare into the picture of my father. With just one stern look of idle emotion on his face, he radiates the beautiful incandescent of masculinity. I hold the gun as the icy metal chills the temple of my head. I am not really a man at all.

Why you will hate your friends on that Saturday night

B. Wolf

Because you drink too much
and talk about feelings
that you don't have.
You wish you had friends
who were more intrigued
by the life outside themselves,
inside someone else,
even if for a split second.

Because you don't quite understand
yourself or others the way
you should when you're drunk.
Or perhaps because
you want to be anywhere else,
with people you don't know
and wishing you were
home. *Just one word with a sibling
could bring me back to life,*
or so you think, never once considering
putting down your drink.

So you hate them and they hate you
for not trying to find
just what the *you* is
and what it means.
Like when you read poems
and don't know who they are addressing—
you and you and you and you.
If you only knew
they were all the same.



{ Thoughts }

THIS POEM IS MORE ABOUT you than me, more about the reader than the writer, and more about sobriety than drunkenness. It speaks of what the loud, slobbering mouths of the bars say all too openly, only this time whispered alone in the bedroom. Interesting how if you and I were to swap places, the hate would read more like love. And here I am, ruining my own poem; giving it a voice when it already had one—yours as you read it.

.....

{ archaios
writers
2008 }



{ Thoughts }

I WROTE THIS PIECE when I heard on the news they were giving birth control to kids in schools without having to get parental permission. The next line after that was a teaser flowing from the anchor's mouth about how vending machines were being emptied in schools. It just floored me that birth control is given freely, candy is taken away all together, and the parents think this is okay.



In Response to the Banning of Sweets

DAVE WEBER

M&M's have been banned
in America's schools,
and birth control is its substitute.

The belief is that, without sweets,
we can cure childhood obesity.

Who would have thought
my favorite chocolate treat
could do so much damage?

It's a funny thing
how little credit we give kids.

We remove the candy
from vending machines,
and provide pills in its place.

Push the corresponding letter
and number for what ails you.

Chocolate used to be my comfort.

Now, I push C4
and receive an explosion
of Hershey's Prozac Poppers
to help when I'm feeling twixed.

For the times I feel like a nut,
I push A7, and those skittles
are avenged sevenfold by
the fruitful rush of

Nestlé's Radical Raspberry Ritalin.

Teachers can't teach us
what vending machines can.

Vending machines teach
what we truly wish to know:

What is it I wish to suppress today?

Press the buttons to find out.

This leads us to our adulthood.
After the Nestlé's downers
calmed our childlike behavior,
we trick or treated for
the savior in Hershey's Poppers.
We needed to restore our youth
after Nestle killed our sugar high,
and Hershey promised results.
I always liked Hershey better,
but after all those years
of gorging our gullets
with Hershey's helpers,
we have another problem:
Willy Wonka won't wake up.
So, we take the milky way
to the vending machine,
press U2, as the man behind
us wonders, and receives
a masculine blast of
Nabisco's Limps A-Hoy.
Now, we can truly oompa loompa.
With restored vigor, we dance,
but don't expect any children.
This is the end of civilization.
Women have been on birth control
since grade school. Their bodies
have evolved accordingly,
and now there is no one
to run our Chocolate Factory.
We owe all thanks and praise
to our sweet and delicious medications.

Each Grain

DAMON TUCKER

They endure and endure
Both nature's ways and our own.
Stand silently, rarely succumbing
To life's endless trials.

Will we ever be so strong?
Or will we simply slip away.
Leaves in the wind,
Or sand on the beach.

We endure and endure
Both nature's ways and our own.
Screaming loudly, always bending
To life's endless trials.

We are the sand on the beach
Shifting away, from day to day
Each crystal its own tragedy
Each grain its own genocide.



{ Thoughts }

"EACH GRAIN" WAS written as a testament of the arrogance we as humans acquire from the dynasty we have created on Earth. This massive empire frequently lets us believe we are invincible, indestructible, and god-like. In this poem I merely set a realization to words: we can be worn away as easily as the stone in the river.

.....

{ archaios
writers
2008 }



{ Thoughts }

I WROTE THIS POEM IN the late afternoon of a hot Indian summer day. I had been struggling with the complexities of iambic pentameter and I realized I wasn't ever going to write so formally. In this poem I tried to capture the feelings I was having by explaining that sometimes, oftentimes poetry defies definition.

.....



Ars Poetica

SHAWNA HALBERT

Poetry is NOT
A bride
Garbed in white
Formal and stiff
Wrought with tradition-
NO! poetry is
A cheap clay floozie
open, ready for ANYTHING
to be molded into shape

"The pen is
mightier than the sword."
Words have murdered more bleeding hearts
than ordinary weapons

I
shall take up my word processor
Dreaming
of letters dancing Fantasia
typing-obsessively, blindly
IT SUCKS; we all do

Creating sightless
Spouting forth
my own truths
righting/WRITING the perverse fate
Of random lives

Poetry defies
designation.
It will NOT
be pigeonholed
It is the square peg
thrust into the spherical literary rhetoric
The bastard child of
imagination and reason

A Rock, A Stone, A Boulder too

BRANDON LOCKETT

A rock, a stone, a boulder too
Think themselves as mountains
Holding steady to the ground
Just until, without a sound
They start a-rollin', ocean bound
To sink to dark abyss

A rock, a stone, a boulder too
They find themselves in lapses
Holding fast in ocean waves
Wishing not to find their graves
Thinking that they might be saved
From ocean, dark abyss

A rock, a stone, a boulder too
Know themselves no longer
Currents rub them ever deeply
Leaving scars that keep them weeping
Steady still, but only briefly
Breaking in abyss

A rock, a stone, a boulder too
Massive now, no longer
Rolling in the tumbling waves
Hoping now to find their graves
Knowing now they won't be saved
From ocean, dark abyss

A rock, a stone, a boulder too
Find their land at last
Now no longer rock or stone
A particle of sand unknown
Among the many, all alone
Still in their dark abyss



{ Thoughts }

I WROTE THIS PIECE attempting to maintain the monotony of change while keeping in mind the consistent idea that the individual starts out feeling as if they are a mountain casting its shadow on society, only to realize they are nothing more than a grain of sand. I honestly did not like the repetition of the abyss because it is dull. In the future, I will probably attempt to differentiate my use of vocabulary more frequently.

.....

{ archaios
writers
2008 }



{ Thoughts }

I FEEL HONORED TO have this piece chosen. I wrote it for my grandmother who has always been an inspiration to me. Her battle with pancreatic cancer, or anyone's cancer struggle, is something that should be remembered as time passes, not forgotten. By putting this to words, I will always be able to go back and remember what an amazing woman she was no matter how much time goes by.



The Loss of the Matriarch

ANGELA MARCOLINI

I stepped out of my car and took a breath. The air tasted stale and sour. It was just after midnight. I felt uneasy and could sense that death was lurking around every corner, just waiting for the souls who were brave enough to face it. A shiver travelled from my neck to my toes and a cold tingle engulfed my body. This was an unusual feeling for one to have on such a humid night in the dead of August.

The elevator came to a halt on the eighth floor. The doors opened and I stepped off. I took a deep breath, as a rather hopeless attempt, to shake this morbid feeling that had come over me when I arrived. With every step I took, this feeling seemed to engulf me more and more. I came to a long, blinding white hallway. The only thing interrupting the monotony of the bright, white walls were the numbered, navy blue doors. The lights were fluorescent and the bulbs gave off a low buzz that was eternally interrupted by the beeping of machines. I went left and slowly approached the windowless end of the hallway. I gazed to my right, looking at the numbered doors as I walked closer to the end.

835 ... 837 ... 839.

839. This was it. The destination of my late night travels, the same destination I had been arriving at every night for the past few weeks. In that room, reality waited. She was in there. I cracked open the door and the first thing I saw was the familiar wallpaper. It was a faded yellow with small powder blue designs of morning glories creeping up it. At the edges of the walls, it had peeled slightly over time. There were various creases and small tears as well. The imperfections only made it more beautiful to look at. To know it had survived as long as it did, despite the hazards of time, was a comforting thought for me, maybe because life is so unpredictable.

And there she laid, spirit battling flesh. It had been more than 48 hours since I last talked to her. The time was coming. Was she ready to face death? Was I?

The humid air in the room clung to me, and to her, as she did to life. I sat in the chair next to her bed. It was right where I left it the previous night. The machines beeped, but all I could hear was each ragged gurgling breath she took getting slower and shallower by the minute.

I stared at her face, how it had changed. The wrinkles that, just six weeks ago, were so fine they looked as if they were sketched on with a pencil, now looked like deep scars. Scars of pain, scars of life. Most people think scars are unattractive but these, I assure you, were beautiful. They were not just beautiful but heartbreaking as well. They were like the creases and tears in the wallpaper. They displayed a type of awe-inspiring strength that I did not possess, a strength that only came with struggle and time.

I took her hand and braced myself. It was thin and brittle. I could see the deep purple bruises and track marks from where the daily chemo IVs had been inserted. There was only one now, a morphine drip. Her skin, once taut and flush, had become the wallpaper

that surrounded us. It was the same shade of faded yellow, and the vines and flowers of the morning were her veins and bruises. I breathed slowly and closed my eyes. I asked God to one day have her strength that I so greatly admired. I kissed her forehead and knew, in my heart, this was the last time I would see her. At that moment, I felt her ever so gently squeeze my fingers.

Not a minute later, the room was quiet. I no longer felt the presence of death. The battle was over. The machines no longer beeped in rhythm like I had become so accustomed to hearing that summer. Her strenuous breathing had ceased after weeks of struggling. Her heart had stopped after 71 years of beating. Her flesh was not strong enough, but her spirit was. She had the strength to look death in its cold, unforgiving eyes and face it. Her body had failed, but her spirit will always live on. It lives on in her children. It lives on in me.



{ Thoughts }

I THINK ONE OF THE most beautiful and entrancing phenomena in nature is a raindrop falling to the surface of water. Even the tiniest of raindrops creates the most fierce ripples, which travel farther than that raindrop would ever have landed. I realize now that no matter what I may think, my opinion makes a difference, even if the effect is not immediate.

.....

I Speak In Ripples

NICOLE R. STEPHENS

I Speak

It's like dropping a pebble into the ocean.

A declaration of ability.

A declaration of obligation.

Tiny ripples continue on a
seemingly endless journey
and extend and grow with each moment passed.

It's difficult to trust
that something that is initially so small is
deceptively essential.

Fact.

Every voice sounds further
from which it is uttered.

My voice matters.

I speak in ripples.



Abuse

VICTORIA LOZANO

My mouth:
plucked, pricked, squeezed,
teased, licked, and sucked.

I did not ask.

Plucked, pricked, and squeezed
like I was some fruit from a tree.

I did not ask.

It always found me

like some fruit from a tree.

Body trembling from the fall,
it always found me
silently praying with

body shaking. After the fall,
my tongue never tasted sweet
silence. Praying with
bruises, suctioned like a leech.

My tongue never tasted sweet.
Too unripe to fall.
Bruises suctioned like a leech.
I was too young to know;

too unripe to fall,
tease, lick, and suck.
Too young to know
my mouth.



{ Thoughts }

THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN in the midst of an altered state of mind. I wrote the first stanza for the sounds and the rest just followed. My intentions weren't to write about abuse, but here it is ... Freudian slip? Enjoy.

.....

{ archaios
writers
2008 }



{ Thoughts }

I WROTE THIS AS A REACTION to a small dog that I found dead this past fall. It shook me quite hard, and consequently I have some harsh feelings toward those responsible. I figured this poem was a bit graphic for Archarios, and I was pleasantly surprised when it was selected for printing.

.....



Roadkill

WAYNE MARCELLI

i see the wrinkled carcass
of a fuzzy rotting thing
i feel its pain and sympathize
for all the death we bring.
another of god's creatures
with gravel in its throat,
soaked in blood and musky rain
while dirt clots in its coat.
a mutilated pelt
tramped by tire treads
i still can see its eyes
inside its decimated head.
it's pitiful, the little thing,
now dead in the street.
though it walks no more,
its little legs spread out to twisted feet.
i wince as i pass the discarded corpse,
my stomach twists and flips.
the image stays burned in my skull,
the gashes and the rips.
disgusted and defiled,
i found your murderers.
in the road their bodies lie,
displayed just like you were.
they've joined you on the blacktop
where their innards rest with yours.
an homage to the flattened dog:
a heap of human gore.

Stolen Moments

MEGAN G. FISHER



{ Thoughts }

I CRAFTED THIS PIECE for a friend of mine who lost her husband a few years ago. When I found that I lacked the words to say what I really needed her to know, I wrote "Stolen Moments" in an effort to tell her that even in being alone, she truly is not. So this piece is an ode to a woman who has enriched my life through her strength, and faith, and through the delicate honesty with which she approaches everything and everyone around her. Thank you, N.

She waves her hands and smiles as she talks
She laughs at their jokes and lets the smile linger on her face
She is a beacon, but doesn't feel like one
... And she cries
She is teaching them to think
She is teaching them to live
Teaching them to understand life, although she doesn't understand it all
... And she cries
I look at her, and wonder what kind of despair this morning may have brought
How long did she lie awake last night?
And maybe as she drank her morning tea, she sat and looked out the window
... And she cried
And maybe as she is tending her garden, she wonders why she grew it
And maybe when she watches TV., she watches things she doesn't like ... because he did
And maybe when she makes dinner, she accidentally makes enough for two
... And she cries
So when she smiles and waves her hands, I watch
And when the attention is pulled from her delicate face into the class, I watch
I see her as she steals her private moments
A downward tilt, and shadows run across her face
And though I can't see her eyes, if I could, I know what they would say
And I know that no one else sees this, because no one else is looking ... but I am
So she steals these moments and she keeps them to herself, and she may not know,
But these are my moments too.
I feel the words that she does not say. That she cannot say.
... And I cry
But she doesn't know that she is beautiful
And she doesn't know that she is poetry in motion
And she doesn't know that she is strong
And she doesn't know that if she cried oceans of tears, that the water could be used to heal
... So she cries
But the day will come, when she will not need to steal anymore
The beast will rest
And maybe after that, her private moments will not bring shadows,
They will bring light
And maybe, just maybe, I will be there to see it.

{ archaios
writers
2008 }



{ Thoughts }

THIS WAS A POEM I wrote while contemplating whether poetry was right for me. I felt really insecure due to my manhood being put in question by someone who was extremely important to me. I'm glad I decided not to pack up the pen because poetry is not so quietly taking over my life and I love it. I do think, however, that this poem is trying too hard to send a message. I promise I'm not as arrogant as I seem.

.....



She Said, I Am

DAVID WEBER

She said, "you are not a man,
men don't write poetry." I could feel
a choking knot clog my throat and tears
flood my eyes, but I held them back
because men don't cry. Though she expected me to

respond immediately, because men keep
their women in line, I held silent. I could see
right through this scheme, but I let her continue
her translucent outburst. This was the only way she knew
how to act, and this was an easy blow for her to take.

"Men aren't sensitive," she continued. "They are strong.
They can leap tall buildings in a single bound, bend steel
bars with their teeth, and make their masculine chests
dance to the beat of a manly drum. Their strong chins
highlight their handsome faces and manly bone structure.

Their mammoth, chiseled arms are a safe haven for
this damsel in distress. Their tree trunk legs
stay sturdily planted into the ground as they
hoist me into the air with excitement upon
arrival to their virile lumberjack log cabin."

These words were her way of clenching my heart
in her sweaty, razor sharp teeth, that perfectly match her tongue,
and shaking it around until its cotton soft insides
are exposed, the way a dog destroys a toy in a fit of rage.
In response, I simply looked into her eyes with a calm I sensed

she wasn't used to by the way she coiled with confusion,
and I replied, "You're right. I am not a man." The words hit
her the way she expected my fist to, hard and suddenly.

I continued, "No, I am not a man. I could never leap tall buildings,
nor do I own a log cabin. My legs are not tree trunks and

rarely do I hold steel bars in my hands, no matter my teeth.
Instead, I hold a pen. With it, I straighten the steel
bars supporting your structure of belief that these are
'real men.' After they barbarously gnaw the bars
with their stone teeth and stone cold tongues that spit the words

bending and twisting the steel bringing your building
block of the perfect man down to a macho pile of rubble,
I uncoil the beams by writing the words these men whisper
in your ear to alleviate the pressure they carelessly crushed
in their vice grip. I am their voice when they are voiceless.

I am the love that you seek in the mammoth arms. I am
the warmth wished for in their soft kiss, but is missing due to
the ruggedness of robust lips hiding behind a thick, unrevealing beard.
I am planted into your heart rather than the ground because looks
fade and trees die, but love is eternal. It can lift you

above the clouds and in time we are out of arms reach."
When I had finished, she looked at me as though nothing
I had said made any sense. Her eyes slightly squinted.
It was as if my words rang too loudly from outside her closed mind.
Possibly, she understood just what I was saying.

Pondering a while, her head tilted to the side, and
her lips forced a half cocked smile. Then, she nodded
and walked away. I'm not sure what these gestures meant,
but I believe that now she finally understands that while
she said I am not a man, what she saw was that I am.



{ Thoughts }

"PROVE IT" DEPICTS young love on trial. It combines lawyerly syntax with personal realization for a reason that I do not even know. I had not planned on submitting this piece for public view, but at the last minute decided that perhaps others could relate with these feelings of distrust, doubt, insecurity, and judgement.

.....

Prove It

ASHLEY PEDANO

Simplicity as a word is a contradiction
Nothing in life is simple or free of jurisdiction
Love, life, and liberty seem to always be on trial
All three are at the constant mercy of denial
But one can address only so much of legislation
The information at hand necessitates imagination
It is hard to imagine that such a defendant is in love
Witnessed past actions would prove otherwise of
Granted, lack of evidence is a factor that one must consider
Unless prosecution is chosen due to confidence and not an endeavor.



I Say...

KIMBERLY GRANCHELLI

I say I want Adventure
but when it knocks
I'm too busy, too tired,
don't feel like getting up to answer the door.

I say I want Love
but when it beckons
I'm not available, not ready,
think you have the wrong number.

I say I want Joy
but when it wells up
I deny it, reprimand it,
send it away.

I say I want You
but when You show up
I'm scared, don't believe,
ignore Your kind pursuit.

How long will I pretend
I want Adventure,
Love, Joy... You?

How long will I remain lazy, unprepared, belligerent, apathetic?
When will I let my heart respond?
When will I answer
the cries of my heart?




{ Thoughts }

I WAS FEELING PARTICULARLY *stuffed* when I wrote this - like I had been stuffed in a box and had to talk myself out of it! ...It's the life-long struggle for our own hearts - that we would not merely dream and wish for great things, but go out and do, see, and experience them!

.....

{ archarios
writers
2008 }

PAUL RICE POETRY BROADSIDE SERIES



IN THE FALL SEMESTER OF 2006, Coastal Carolina University's English department created the Paul Rice Poetry Broadside Series contest. The judging committee for the contest accepts submissions from all current Coastal Carolina University students during two submission weeks, one in the fall and one in the spring. Original poems, comprised of fewer than thirty-six lines, were requested, and during the fall submission period, over thirty-five entries were received.

After successfully passing through the initial judging, a committee made up of Coastal English professors, the ten finalist pieces continue on to a professional poet not affiliated with the university. In the fall, the outside judge was author Stuart Dischell.

Dischell, winner of multiple poetry awards and an instructor at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, selected "Living in the Days of Noah" by B. Wolf as the fall 2007 winning piece. Wolf received a gift certificate to the Coastal Carolina bookstore and twenty-five copies of a broadside bearing his poem, of which one hundred numbered copies were printed.

The spring 2008 winner is Stephanie Bouzounis for her poem titled "Phoenix." The finalized text has not yet been released for printing, but will come out on the broadside sheets in April.

The Paul Rice Poetry Broadside Series contest, named in honor and memory of professor Paul Rice, who taught at Coastal Carolina from 1987 to 2004, will have its next submission period in the fall semester of 2008.

For more information about the contest or Coastal Carolina's English Department, visit its website at <http://www.coastal.edu/english>. 

Living in the Days of Noah

B. WOLF

Sunday night, one candle burning
next to the bathtub, I am
floating. I am thinking

of the blisters on the feet
of a soldier somewhere in Baghdad.
How he will do it all again

tomorrow. I am scanning
the play list of songs
on a Japanese girl's iPod.

The candle flickers and throws
images on cool tile—
a small, emaciated boy

from Malawi shows me
his infected bug bites. I
hold the bar of soap out

for him to take. He doesn't
know me. He can't see me.
I listen to the

internal ticking of the ATMs
across America, the moans
and grunts of men and women

in pornos fucking up
the hard drives of countless
teenagers. I listen more

to the silence that falls
in select cities; between
the pieces of debris still

lying in New York, inside
a clogged drainage system
down in New Orleans. Surely,

somewhere a politician
is snoring, a drunk is crying,
and a baby is being aborted.

And I am taking a bath.
Trying to save what is left
of clean flesh upon my body.

B. Wolf is a writer from Toms River, New Jersey
"Living in the Days of Noah" was the Fall 2007 winner of the prestigious Paul Rice Award.



“Art is, after all, only a trace - like a footprint which shows that one has walked bravely and in great happiness.” ”

ROBERT HENRI

best show

BEST OF SHOW

VISUAL ART & LITERATURE



{The Vagrant}

ROB BYRD

I BELIEVE THAT AS A PAINTER, much as in life, you should be flexible, accept that mistakes will happen and take advantage of learning from them. In my paintings I am primarily concerned with the spirit of the sitter as well as taking advantage of opportunities for interesting color and brushwork. This painting is of an old man who was a favorite model of my friend and artist Frank Wright. Frank told me many stories about how the man would roam around the country rolled away in railroad cars. Frank had a great deal of respect for the man whom he stated was "a vagrant, not a derelict."

01

Artwork located on page 20.

{2007 & 2008 Archarios Literary Art Magazine Best of Show}

ARCHARIOS SUBMISSIONS are juried anonymously by students and faculty of the Edwards College of Humanities & Arts and from other academic disciplines.

Once the submission weeks have closed, we remove all names and/or identifying marks on the pieces so that there is no way they can be traced back to any particular artist. The pieces are then judged by a selection of Coastal students and a few faculty members. Following this, the winning pieces are reunited with their maker's names and the winning artists are notified. This process ensures that all writers and artists have an equal opportunity for inclusion in the magazine. 🎨

{Literature}



In Response to the Banning of Sweets

DAVE WEBER

01

I WROTE THIS PIECE when I heard on the news they were giving birth control to kids in schools without having to get parental permission. The next line after that was a teaser flowing from the anchor's mouth about how vending machines were being emptied in schools. It just floored me that birth control is given freely, candy is taken away all together, and the parents think this is okay.

Literature located on page 30.



Why you will hate your friends on that Saturday night

B. WOLF

Literature located on page 29.

02



I Say...

KIM GRANCHELLI

Literature located on page 43.

03

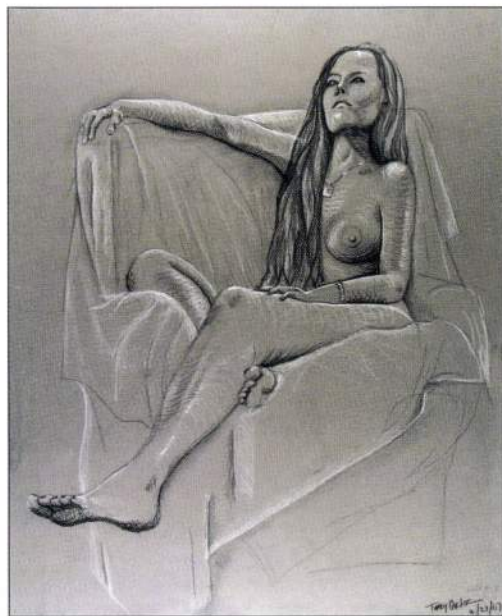


{G City Pier}

BRANDON WRIGHT

Artwork located on page 11.

02



{Female Stare}

TRACY CARTER

Artwork located on page 9.

03



MEGAN G. FISHER - EDITOR



Megan G. "Fisher" is a graduating senior English major at Coastal Carolina University. She is a member of Sigma Tau Delta English honor organization and Omicron Delta Kappa academic honor organization. Hailing from Bucyrus, Ohio, she moved to Myrtle Beach four years ago, and also lived in Germany for a short time. She endeavors to spend her life writing, and has thus far written many short stories, poems, and one full-length novel. Her creative work has been published in *The Chanticleer*, *Archarios Literary Art Magazine*, *Tempo Magazine*, and

The Eternal Portraits Poetry Series. After graduation, she plans to pursue an M.F.A. at graduate college, continue writing, and research teaching opportunities in Europe.

“You must stay drunk on writing so reality cannot destroy you.”

RAY BRADBURY

JEREMY P. ALFORD - ART DIRECTOR

“Creativity is allowing yourself to make mistakes. Art is knowing which ones to keep.”

SCOTT ADAMS



Jeremy Alford is a graduating senior, earning a bachelor's degree in Art Studio, with an emphasis in graphic design. Graduating Magna Cum Laude in May, Alford already earned a bachelor's degree in theology in 2002. Having studied theology changes the way he approaches art, as he appreciates pieces for their beauty in creation rather than the mere presentation of an idea. Alford is a native of Horry County, but has lived in three different states. In 2007 and 2008, he won the coveted District Gold Addy Award, Regional Gold Addy Award, and the Student Best of Show Addy award for his much appreciated design work. He intends to pursue a career in graphic design, focusing on web design and new media, with future plans of pursuing an M.F.A. in Graphic Design.



SAURA STUHLMAN
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR

Saura Stuhlman is a 21-year-old senior at CCU, majoring in art studio with emphasis on graphic design, as well as a

minor in art history. Born in Orlando, Florida, she has also lived in six other states and has two younger brothers. Even from a young age, Saura has always been interested in art and has created several award winning artworks, as well as a commercial for Fox News in 1997. Not to mention, Saura is a proud member of Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority and has held several positions including Public Relations Chairman. She continues to learn and progress in the art field, especially thanks to Jeremy Alford and the rest of the staff.



B. WOLF
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Brandon Wolf, known as B. Wolf in print, is a student who might best be described as someone obsessed

with the arts. Whether he is reading, writing, painting, filming, or playing/recording music, he is constantly on the grind with some form of creation. Assistant to the Archarios editor this year, next year B. Wolf will be stepping up as full-time editor of the magazine. His work has been published in past issues of Archarios and Tempo magazines. B. Wolf is currently in the process of trying to reach a broader audience through submitting his poems to journals and contests.



PAUL OLSEN
FACULTY ADVISOR

Paul Olsen, who came to teach at Coastal Carolina University in 1989, spent time before that working for ad-

vertising agencies in Connecticut and Florida. He earned an M.F.A. degree from the University of Miami, Florida, in 1975. He owns and operates his own freelance business that deals primarily with graphic design and photography. Olsen started the design and photography programs at Coastal Carolina University, and has been the advisor to Archarios Literary Art Magazine since 1990. Olsen currently holds the position of department chair of the Visual Arts Department.

Editor

As a graduating senior here at Coastal, I have a lot of things to be thankful for. First, of course, is the big man upstairs, without whom I not only wouldn't have made it to Coastal, but also without whom I would not have a fulfilling life, surrounded by people I care about, by the things I enjoy, and filled with my one true love – literature.

At Coastal, I've had many opportunities to learn about life, the world of writing, and myself. To those instructors (you know who you are) that have played a pivotal role in my education with the things that really matter, I am now expressing my utmost gratitude for your guidance, support, and friendship. They have been invaluable.

A special thanks to my brother Nathan, for being my constant, my friend, and an ever-faithful servant of the arts. Your relentless pursuit of artistic expression, in the face of many seemingly insurmountable obstacles, renews my faith in free living and in our future endeavors together. Love you.

I offer great thanks also to the Archarios staff and to our faculty advisor, without whom the success of Archarios would not be possible.

Last, but certainly not least, I owe immeasurable gratitude to Jeremy Alford, my professional partner and friend. You are the most brilliant of art directors.

Art Director

Trying to express gratitude to all the people who have helped, encouraged, and allowed me to pursue my dream seems like an unachievable task. I have been given the riches of life in the gift of my family and friends, for without them I would never have realized that life is not found in achievements, but in the meals and conversations you share with one another.

To begin, I would like to thank God for the creative heart and mind entrusted to my care, and for eyes to see the power of imagination. To my loving family, Jerry, Carol, Shannon and Stephanie, your support through the years has made life a refreshing place. (I'm glad we were in the same town the last four years!) To Kimberly Marie, for knowing what it means to truly love someone, and showing me through your actions. To my longtime friend Randy, for always being truthful and encouraging me in this journey. (Providence has brought us here!) Also thanks to Craig, for being steadfast and giving me my first job when I moved home.

I am thankful to the staff of Coastal Carolina University, especially the visual arts faculty, who have instructed, pushed, and given me room to grow. To Paul, for introducing me to the world of graphic design, encouraging me toward Archarios, and for always having something to say (we'll leave it there). It was an honor to be one of your "bad students." To Daryl for teaching me to love typography and encouraging me to keep learning about design for a lifetime.

This magazine could not have happened without the help of Paul, Brandon, Saura (my favorite assistant), and most of all Megan Fisher, my partner in this endeavor, who loves words more than anyone I have ever known. (Let's write another stand!)

Special Thanks

Archarios Literary Art Magazine would like to extend special thanks to the entire Archarios staff: B. Wolf, Saura Stuhlman, Tiffany Casteel, Danielle Swink, Stephanie Bouzounis, Caroline P. Smith, and faculty advisor, Paul Olsen.

We would also like to thank Sheriar Press, most specifically Sam Kinon, Cindy Ziegler, and Trish Sports, for superior printing services and continued support of Coastal Carolina University publications.

As always, thanks to the Office of Student Activities and Leadership for financial support and an all around willingness to help Coastal media.

To our photographers, Bill Edmonds and Stephanie Hutto, you are vital to the success of the publication, and we are gracious for all your assistance.

We appreciate the work of Yaw Odame, the artist that sculpted the bust of Paul Olsen's head, which is pictured to the left with Olsen's biography.

Thanks as well to Paul Olsen, Daryl Fazio, Rob Wyeth, and Jason Ockert, for participating in the judging process as faculty judges. We greatly appreciate the donation of your time and experience for the betterment of the magazine.

Of course, we owe a thank you of the greatest magnitude to all those that submitted work. Your talent, the artistic work, the beautifully crafted poetry and literature, these things are why we do what we do. Thank you for lending us your visions. They helped bring ours to fruition in the loveliest way. Long live the arts!

“Whatever is received is
received according to the
nature of the recipient.”


ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

“Art will remain the most astonishing activity of mankind born out of struggle between wisdom and madness, between dream and reality.”

MAGDALENA ABAKANOWICZ

final word

Archarios Literary Art Magazine was created in order to give students an opportunity to be published and display their artistic creations in a student-produced publication. There are two weeklong opportunities to submit pieces throughout the year, one in the fall and one in the spring. Each piece chosen to be featured in the magazine is selected by a blind jury of students and carefully elected faculty judges. There are always opportunities to get involved with Archarios, whether it is by becoming a staff member, assisting with distribution, or just spreading the word about the magazine and encouraging fellow students to submit work.

For more information about the magazine and getting involved, for information regarding submission weeks and the submission process, or to contact a member of the editorial staff, see the Archarios website at <http://ww2.coastal.edu/archarios>. 





Artwork - Jenack & Byrd
Pages 6 & 7



Artwork - Zourdos & Carter
Pages 8 & 9



Artwork - Gordon & Wright
Pages 10 & 11

ARCHARIOS LITERARY
Art Magazine was typeset
using *Univers*, designed
by Adrian Frutiger and
Arno Pro, designed by
Robert Slimbach.

2,500 copies are printed
on Sappi Opus 80 lb/118
gsm Dull Text paper for
the interior pages, and
Sappi Opus 80 lb/216
gsm Dull Cover paper for
the cover stock.

Printed by Sheriar Press
located in Myrtle Beach,
South Carolina.

April 2008



Artwork - Butler & Castro
Pages 16 & 17



Artwork - Odame & Piette
Pages 18 & 19



Artwork - Byrd & Hendrix
Pages 20 & 21



Literature Introduction
Pages 26 & 27



Literature - McCoy & Wolf
Pages 28 & 29



Literature - Weber & Tucker
Pages 30 & 31



Literature - Stephens & Lozano
Pages 36 & 37



Literature - Marcelli & Fisher
Pages 38 & 39



Literature - Weber
Pages 40 & 41



Best of Show Introduction
Pages 46 & 47



Best of Show
Pages 48 & 49



Staff & Credits
Pages 50 & 51



Conclusion
Page 52



Dedication
Page 1



Table of Contents
Pages 2 & 3



Artwork Introduction
Pages 4 & 5

2007 & 2008 Submissions Week Promotion



Fall & Spring Poster Series
Jeremy Alford



Spring Poster
Saura Stuhlman



Artwork - Hutto & King
Pages 12 & 13



Artwork - Norman & Skelley
Pages 14 & 15



Artwork - Barr & Alford
Pages 22 & 23



Artwork - Rice & Shank
Pages 24 & 25



Literature - Halbert & Lockett
Pages 32 & 33



Literature - Marcolini
Pages 34 & 35



Literature - Pedano & Granchelli
Pages 42 & 43



Paul Rice Broadside
Pages 44 & 45

literary art magazine

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